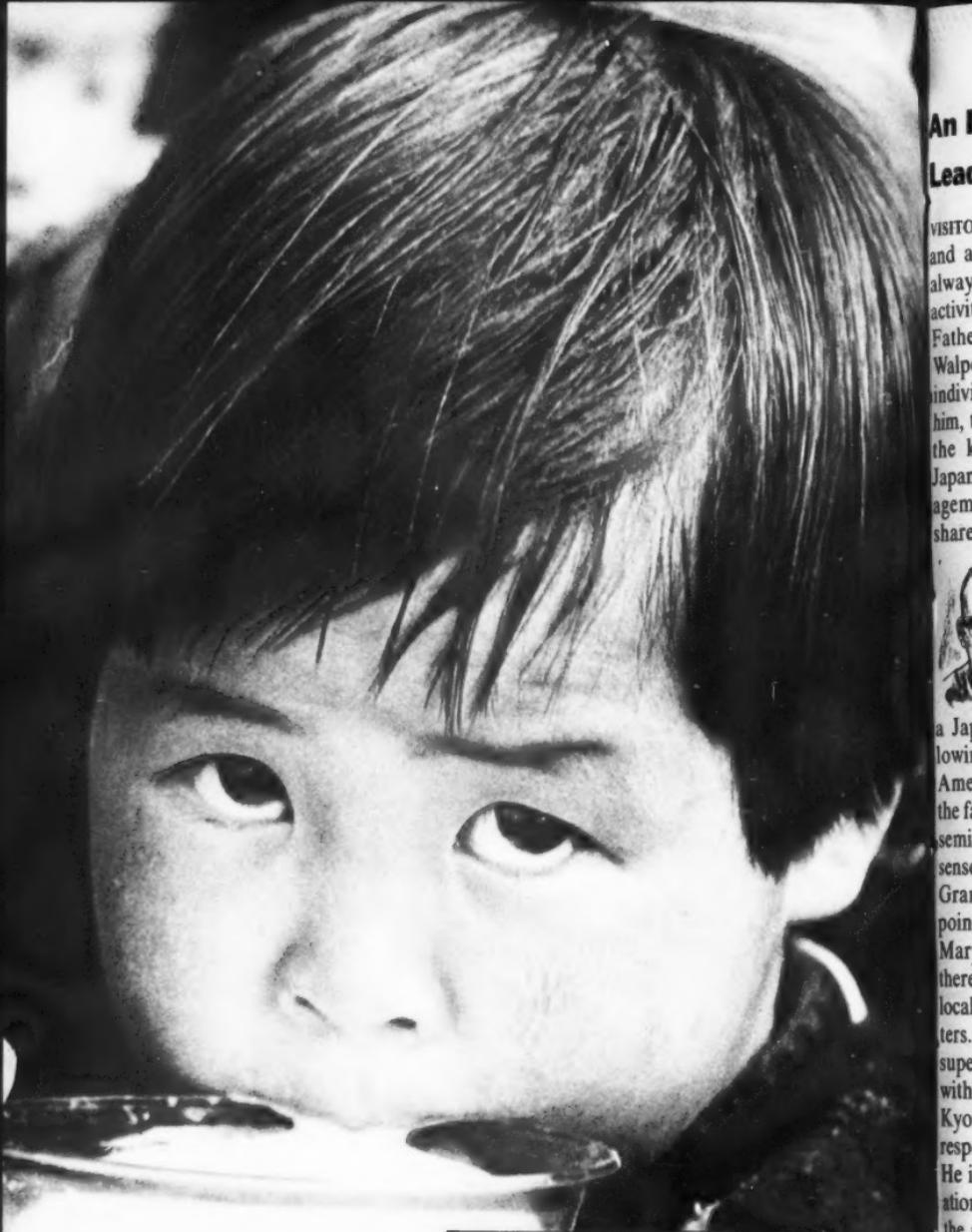


JULY 1960

Maryknoll



Father De Smet Faces
Sitting Bull—p. 63



... the very first thing
that cannot be denied
is the right of others to live.

—Albert Camus

An Experienced Leader of Maryknollers

VISITORS to the Maryknoll missions in and about the city of Kyoto, Japan, always comment on the beehive of activity that they find there. Although Father William F. Pheur, of North Walpole, N. H., gives all the credit to individual missionaries working under him, this graying, quiet priest is really the key to Maryknoll progress in Japan; for by his support and encouragement as Regional Superior, his share is a major one. Father Pheur

was ordained in 1938 and assigned to Manchuria. He was getting into full stride in mission work when he suddenly found himself in a Japanese concentration camp, following Pearl Harbor. Repatriated to America in 1943, he was assigned to the faculty of a Maryknoll preparatory seminary. The efficiency and good sense of this soft-spoken son of the Granite State brought him the appointment of novice master at the Maryknoll Novitiate. When his term there came to an end, he was made local superior at Maryknoll headquarters. In 1955, he received his post as superior in Japan. Working closely with Bishop Paul Furuya, head of the Kyoto Diocese, Father Pheur has been responsible for many developments. He is particularly happy over the creation of a Korean Catholic Center for the many Koreans about Kyoto, and the opening of a minor seminary for the training of Japanese diocesan priests.



Maryknoll MAGAZINE

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

"... to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York



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■ ■

Vol. LIV No. 7

July, 1960





The face of mercy

Mercy wears many faces. The loving mother. The kind teacher. The girl who "stays at home with Mother and Dad," living for God. Or Mercy may wear a stethoscope and bend over some poor wreck, police have called her to help. Here, Mercy is Sister Ann Veronica, training for a wider field, a deeper misery, as a Maryknoll-mission doctor.

PHOTOS: LOOK MAGAZINE

Long years of study pack down knowledge.
Hairline decisions congeal to certainty.
"Might-be" and "might-not" aren't good enough
when life and death wait her know-how.



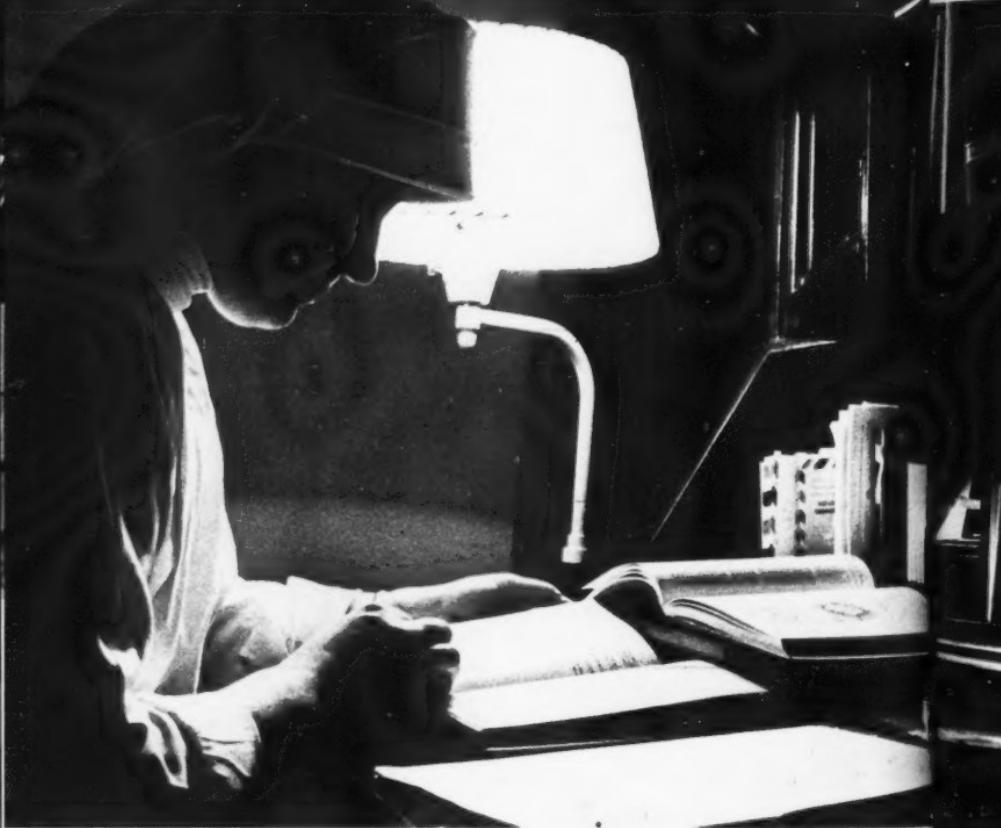
Police-car lights are swung around
to help the intern's diagnosis
"In mission lands as dark as this is,
she thinks, "are souls who need His light."



God-given life is often man-sustained.

**Maryknoll Sisters take the mercy of men to bodies,
and the mercy of God to souls.**

**Many years of study go into the making of
teachers, nurses, catechists—in a word, missioners.**



**Keen mind and skillful fingers
plus the fullness of God's grace—
mix the three for a strong drink of mercy.**





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Life's a steep climb anywhere;
to many, a heart-breaking assault.
To take mercy to such valiant people,
a Sister-doctor would climb any cliff.

THE END

There's more than doctor's care in this:
She sees her infant God.
And his eyes are wide with wonder:
She sees God's face in hers.



THE WRESTLER IN THE MANGO TREE

*The countenance
everyone saw
but its owner.*

By Thomas P. McGovern, M.M.

I'M SPEAKING of children below the age of three: instinctive, unspoiled—before they've learned to mask their natural reactions. And I say, more than anything, it is a question of face; face in the literal sense: a nose, two eyes, some teeth, a wart or two. The natural front that every man presents to the world. What people look at, sometimes, when they speak to you. Face.

There's not much that can be done. I know from cruel experience, here in Nyegina, Africa. I've been kind. It doesn't work. The toddlers will not be fooled; they cannot be bribed with

MARYKNOLL

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JULY,

peppermints. Smile, cry, contort jaw muscles as I will, they pierce the mask. It's uncanny.

It worries me. For what must the parents feel when they hear their youngsters scream at the very sight of me? Surely they think: "Chacha has seen something; our Chacha sees badness in this man."

Of course they are unfailingly polite, and will say halfheartedly: "Go greet the Father, Chacha. Sit in his lap."

Nonsense. Chacha would sooner tumble in a briar patch.

One diapered lad, fat and bow-legged, bulging like a Japanese wrestler, shinnied up a mango tree as I entered his front yard. It was a marvelous feat—he could not have been more than two—but imagine how that little one made me feel.

"He always does that," his father said, coughing nervously behind his fist. "At least," he added, being an honest man, "he did it yesterday when the cows stampeded."

It's not funny. Here I am a missioner in Africa. "Make friends with the children," the older and more experienced missioners say. "Be kind to babies. A peppermint is worth a thousand words."

The slogans are numerous and of value. But they overlook face. I load both pockets with peppermints. I have a four-gallon tin filled with them in my room. Thousands of round, white, hard pellets; an inexhaustible supply. But I might as well be reaching for a zip gun when I reach into my pocket. That's the reaction I get. Children scream or climb mango trees. Do such

incidents completely discourage me? I hope not.

I went one afternoon to Busamba to visit the king. This was before his conversion. His wives, numerous past counting, were bending over cooking pots in the front yard. It looked like the annual clan gathering in Feltrap, Missouri.

As I entered the yard, the babies screamed—some of their mothers did, too. But I was hardened to that type of welcome. I shook hands several times with myself, in a nervous way, as I groped my way up the path to the king's house. The king was stretched out on his rope bed. He was eating grapes.

"Hello, king," I said.

"*Tata*," he answered, with surprising warmth. He rolled over a bit making room for me. I slouched down beside him and took the handful of grapes he offered.

"Don't swallow the seeds."

"These grapes are good, king. Where did you get them?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, somewhat vaguely, a soft dreamy look in his eyes. Grapes are a delicacy, a rarity. One can always talk. We savored in silence. The ropes began to cut into my back.

Every African house has pictures on the wall: pin-ups of a sort. The royal family is always represented, more out of a love of color, I suspect, than a sense of loyalty. Those gracious personages blaze in a tangle of tiaras, medals, and diamonds and color, on mud walls.

Julius Nyerere, the African leader, is popular. He is serene and smiling

in black and white; he has yet to make the colored supplement. There are also a great variety of advertisements; for Obango's pain killer, Instant Postum, aspirins, Kiongozi newspaper, English bicycles and Caltex gasoline.

But the pictures in the king's house were framed; mostly enlarged photos of the king himself. One picture, framed in black, caught my eye. It was evidently of a White Father.

I went to give it a close look. It was startling. The missioner was almost all hair. His eyes were small and a bit sunken beneath the largest eyebrows I've seen.

"Who is this man, king?"

The king raised himself on an elbow. He looked at the picture and slowly shook his head from side to side, breathing heavily. He looked up again. Then, sighing, sank back against the crisscrossed ropes of his bed. He lost his grip on the bundle of grapes; it slipped from his hand.

"That man!" he whispered, in a small, awe-struck voice. "That great man!" The king's eyes misted.

I felt uncomfortable. "Are you all right, king?" I asked. I brought him a glass of water, but he brushed it aside wearily.

"Who was he, king? Whose photograph is that?" I picked up the grapes and put them in his hand. The king began eating again and slowly recovered composure.

"Years ago," he said in his normal voice, "years ago that Father came to Nyegina. He was a great, strapping man, well over six feet tall. The picture does not do him justice. He had the strength of an ox. He walked the length of my kingdom, all the way from Mugango to Musoma. He knew

everybody, men, women and children. They all feared him."

"They feared him, king?" The story intrigued me.

"He had a dreadful face. It was lined and pocked and scarred. He had been in his youth, I was told, a boxer. Or perhaps a wrestler. I forget which. Anyway, the people were terrified of this priest. He was a discouraged man."

"I can understand."

"But he was clever," the king tapped his forehead with a purple-stained finger. "Another man would have gone home. Not he. He was in Africa to stay." He smiled and popped a grape into his mouth.

"What did he do?"

"Oh yes, of course! He grew a beard. And what a beard! How he worked at it. Even his eyebrows grew. The people came from miles around to see him. The 'bearded one,' they called him. With good reason. Some people thought he was an angel. He baptized thousands."

"What a story. It sounds fantastic, king."

The king snapped a look at me. "You doubt my words?"

"Oh no, king. Not a bit. I don't doubt one word you said."

"Kings don't lie," he said huffily.

"I believe that," I said.

We said no more about it. We continued to eat grapes. But there was a sense of strain in our silence. I swallowed a seed. Just as I was ready to go, the king turned to me, smiling sadly. "By the way, *Tata*," he said, "did you ever think of letting your beard grow?"

"The idea just occurred to me," I answered the king. ■■

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JULY, 19

*An international pictorial round-up
illustrates a basic and beautiful truth
shared by all of mankind.*



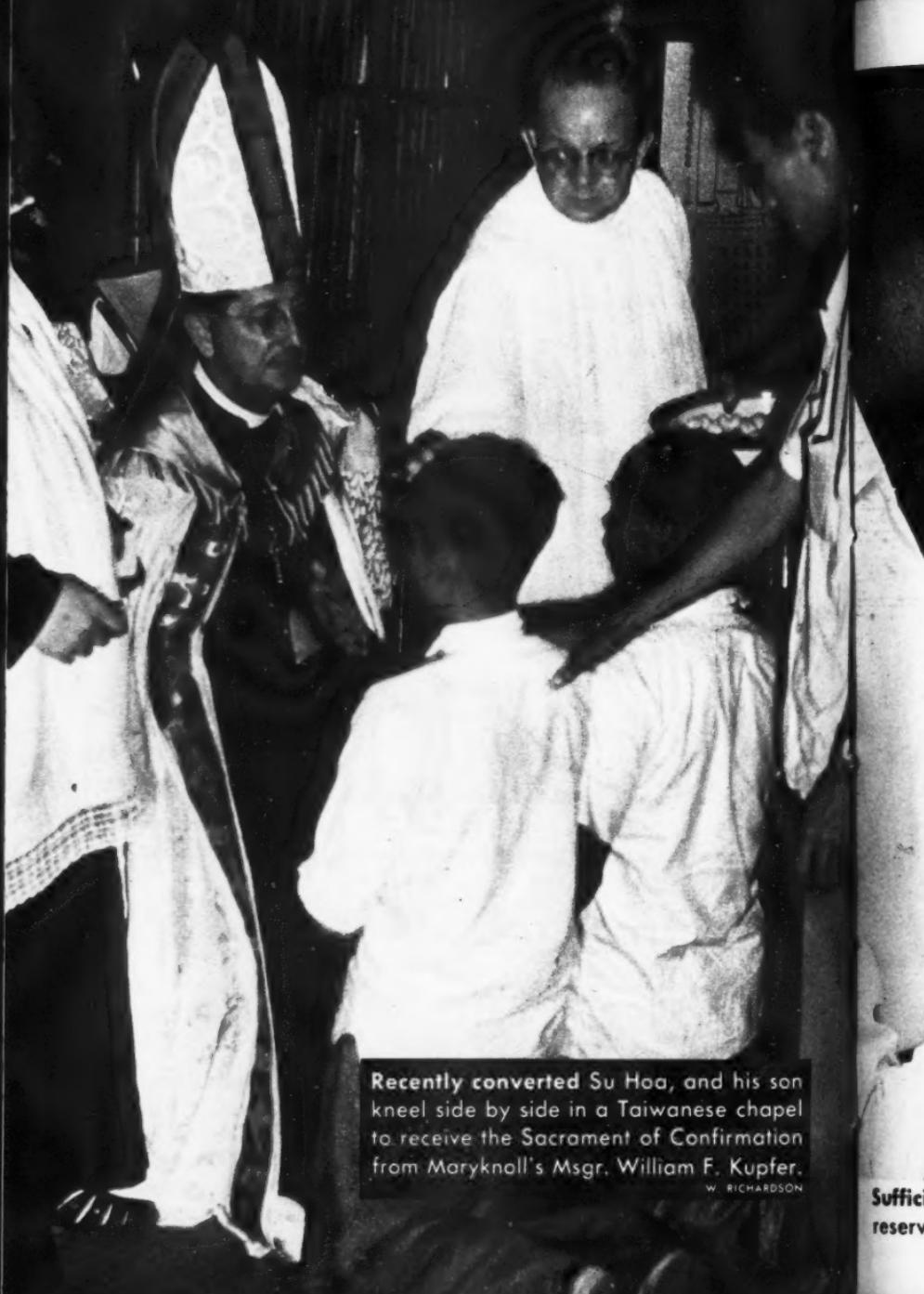
R. RICHARDSON

Each morning of the year, eight-year-old Kim Paik follows his father into the Korean woodlands to gather firewood which they sell in the market.

in the image of the father

OF THE MANY common denominators that proclaim the unity of God's human family, few possess the poignancy of the bond between father and son. Regardless of race or language, color or culture, every male child

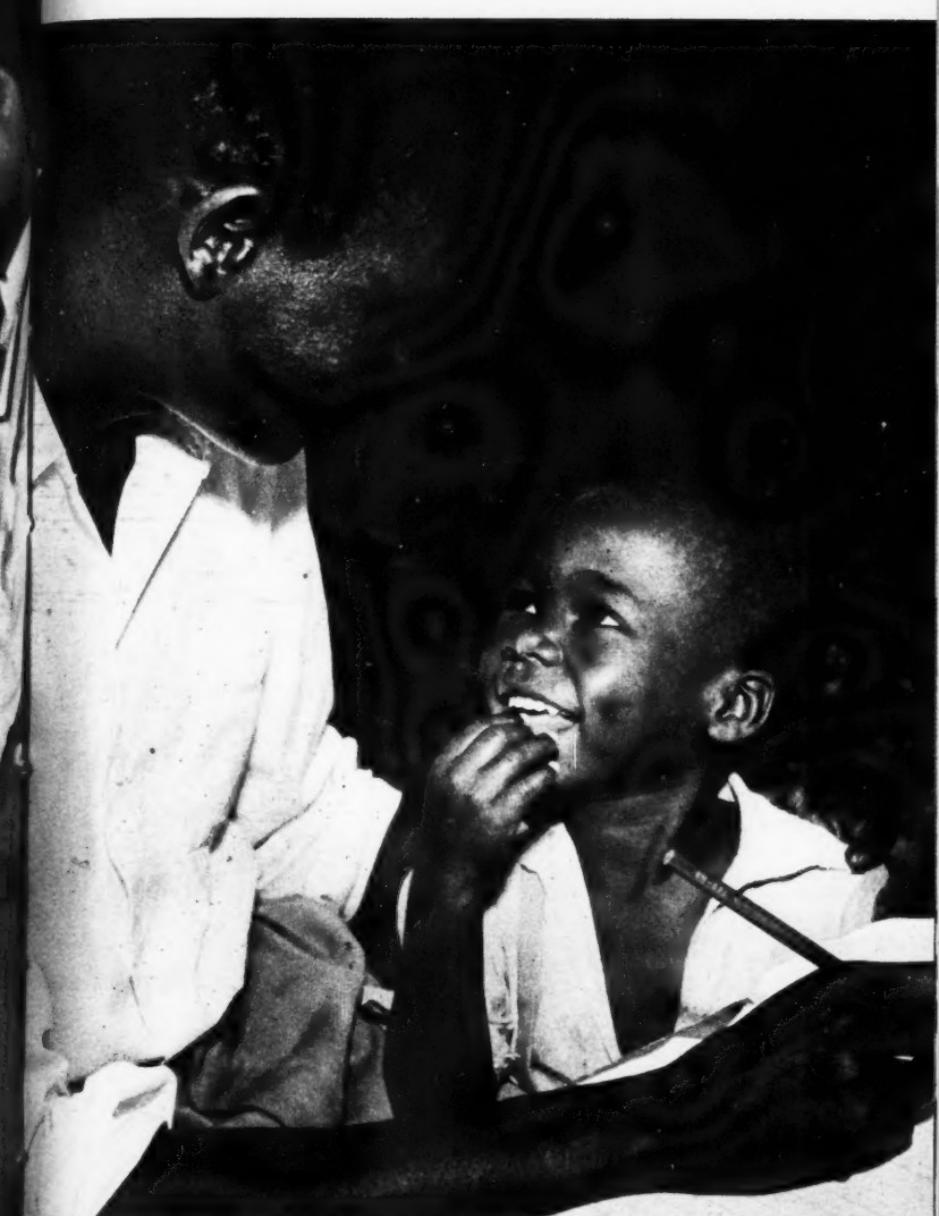
looks to his father and strives with inexhaustible pride to follow in his giant footsteps. And what father, worthy of the name, can resist the utter trust and confidence bestowed by a devoted son?



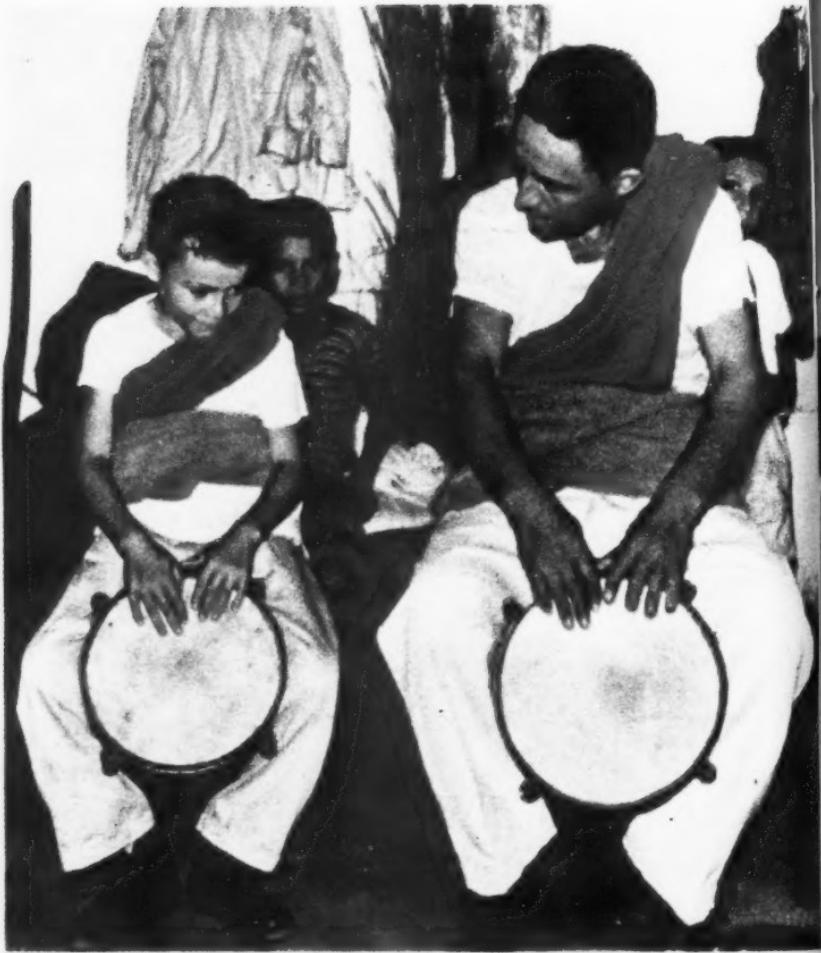
**Recently converted Su Hoa, and his son
kneel side by side in a Taiwanese chapel
to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation
from Maryknoll's Msgr. William F. Kupfer.**

W. RICHARDSON

Suffici
reserv



Sufficient reward for all the anxieties of fatherhood is the look Sibu reserves exclusively for his father, Karma Jamboa, a lawyer of Nigeria.



EARLY

**For Pepe Muñoz, there is one ambition in life:
to make his fingers jump as quickly and
as nimbly as those of the best drummer in
Yucatan—his father, José, of course!**

The sheep at his feet was once his pet lamb.
Now, squatting next to his father, Alberto,
Carlos Reyes takes his first lesson in wool-
shearing—a trade which has been handed down
in Peru, from father to son, for centuries.

R. QUINN





George Nakashima, master architect and famed furniture designer, looks to the day when his son, Kevin, will also feel the magic of wood in his hands.

BLAKE



In the shallows of Lake Victoria, Tanganyika, Ki Rudzeri and his son, Jam, watch with poised spears for the flash of sunlight from a silvered fin.

WILLE



THE PRIEST AND

By Kyle F. Davis

ONLY fifty years after Columbus discovered America, the first Iberians arrived in Japan either as castaways or as passengers on a Chinese ship that was blown off course. Word of discovery of the Island Empire spread rapidly. Seven years later, in 1549, Saint Francis Xavier landed at Kagoshima in southern Japan.

There is ample evidence that the missionaries were successful. Estimates of conversions range from 300,000 to 1,000,000. Regardless of the number of Japanese who became Christian, the new religion became strong enough to cause the Japanese Government in 1587 to ban the teaching of Christianity; in 1624 to refuse further intercourse with the Spanish; and in 1638 to expel the Portuguese.

Thus for a comparatively short time, three and a half centuries ago, East met West in a brief but unsatisfactory encounter. While it is difficult to measure the results of the Iberian meeting with Japan, it need not be assumed, that this meeting left no mark upon Japan. An examination of the tenacious resistance of Christianity and of linguistic vestiges that still linger in the Japanese language, gives some clue to the depth to which the Japanese

MARYKNOLL

Although sixteenth-century Catholic missionaries had only short contact with Japan before expulsion, they left an enduring heritage to Japan.

THE SAMURAI

were stirred by the Iberians, especially by the Catholic missionaries.

There is no doubt that the missionaries made a profound and lasting impression on the Japanese. The martyrdom of Japanese Christians, when the Tokugawa rulers prohibited the practice of Christianity, approached the intensity and fanaticism of the martyrdom of Christian martyrs at Rome. Arai Hakuseki, scholar at the Shogun's court, estimated that between 200,000 and 300,000 Japanese Christians had been put to death by the year 1650. Although authorities consider this figure exaggerated, the fact remains that large numbers suffered terror and death rather than deny Christ. For instance, it is an historical fact that approximately 27,000 Christian Japanese were massacred in the Shimabara uprising.

An example of the lasting effect of the missionaries' efforts is provided by David Murray, an early writer on Japan. He stated: "In 1865, in the villages around Nagasaki . . . there were . . . not only (Christian) words and symbols which had been preserved, but even communities where had been kept alive for more than two centuries the worship bequeathed to them by their ancestors." Dr. James Clark Moloney, another authority on Japan,



SOME IBERIAN WORDS EXISTING IN JAPANESE

Japanese

kappa, a raincoat
karuta, playing cards
pan, bread
bidoro, glass
birodo, velvet
awa, bubble or froth
kasu, to marry
patoron, sponsor
oribu, olive
soba, buckwheat noodles

Spanish

capa, a cape
carta, playing card
pan, bread
vidrio, glass
veludo, velvet
agua, water
casar, to marry
patron, sponsor
olive, olive
soba, kneading dough

writes that "the graves of martyred Christians were always decorated by flowers although no one knew who put them there." But the strongest evidence comes from the Japanese Government, which declared in an official publication: "Christianity, however, was never entirely eradicated in certain parts of Kyushu, as is proved by the fact that within a month after the erection of a Roman Catholic Church at Nagasaki in 1865 there occurred the memorable scene known as 'The Finding of the Christians' when thousands of Christians from and about the village of Urakami, who had secretly kept the faith transmitted to them by their forebears for about 225 years, made open confession of their religion."

Although the Tokugawas for many years effectively eliminated Christianity as a practicing religion, the missionaries left their imprint indelibly stamped in the language of Japan. While evidence is vague whether the missionaries developed dictionaries, the difficulties that they experienced in explaining monotheistic Christianity

to a pantheistically inclined people make it logical that they must have developed something of the sort. In their efforts to Christianize the Japanese, the missionaries wrote extensive explanations of doctrine, many of which have been preserved. They had continual difficulty in expressing themselves. A major difficulty lay in finding an equivalent word for God. They found that they could not use *kami*, the literal Japanese word for God, because it is a pantheistic word for gods in general.

As a solution, the missionaries tried "Japanizing" the Latin *Deus*. But as the authority, Sansone, records, this was unworkable because "as spoken by the Japanese, this became *Deusu* very close in sound to *daiusu* which means 'great lie.'" The "Japanizing" of other Latin words such as *anima* (soul), *fides* (faith), *martyrio* (martyr), *anjo* (angel), did, however, provide some help. Such words are still used theologically although they have no usage in ordinary Japanese.

Some explanation seems necessary to point out how the Iberian influence

lasted for such a long time after such a comparatively short contact. Present facts suggest four reasons. One, discussed previously, surely must have been the continued practice of Christianity even after Japan expelled the missionaries. The second reason is that a certain amount of Portuguese had entered everyday conversation, a fact that one Japanese grammarian deplored. The third reason is that Portuguese was the language used in the limited foreign contacts made by the Japanese, until it was replaced by Dutch in the eighteenth century. The fourth reason lies in the fact that, notwithstanding the exclusion policy and ban against Christianity, some Japanese covertly continued to read and circulate literature concerning Western learning. It has been established that certain works on mathematical subjects by the Jesuit scientist in China, Father Ricci, were circulated in Japan in Chinese text. It is reasonable to assume that works in the Portuguese language were also circulated.

During the past century, the Japanese have gone forth by compulsion, to learn all they can of Westernism and to adopt all they can assimilate. This has been a full century of aggressive Japanese effort to learn, in comparison with the Iberians' short period of forty-five years in which they had to sell everything the Japanese accepted. During the remainder of the

ninety-six years of Iberian contact, the Iberians were on the defensive, trying to hold what gains they had made.

Even the Japanese, who often hesitate to give credit to Western influences, are more generous than many Western scholars in assessing Iberian influence. For instance, the Japanese Government in its official guide says: "...many institutions of Western culture were introduced into Japan... schools were founded and books were published under its (Christianity's) influence. Astronomy, geography, medicine, literature, architecture, and printing made signal progress and flourished greatly. Many things European were also imported."

The strongest proof of the depth of Iberian influence is shown in the survival of Christianity and the existence of Iberian words in the Japanese language today, in spite of 250 years of severe repression of Western learning. A plant that survives under these conditions must have penetrating roots.

One must conclude that the influence of the Iberians was deep and real. They provided a foundation for Japan's intellectual growth and for international contact from which Japan has made unparalleled progress in the past century. It must be conceded that the Iberians, who receive so little credit, paved the way for the new eras of Japanese contact with the Western world. ■■

Tillers of Souls. They are the catechists, who toil in the hinterlands, teaching the truths of the Church to the pagans, and preparing them for the open arms of Christ. In Peru a catechist receives \$50 a month for his work. Will you pay his hire for a month or more? You will share in God's blessings for your charity.



COTOCÀ WINDMILL

Cotoca may be lost in the Bolivian backlands but there is as much drama in daily life as one could find in a metropolis.



One Less Jaguar. We went down to the Cotoca railroad station the other day, just in time to see the arrival of a wounded Indian. It seems that, while out hunting, he encountered a jaguar and shot it down. However, when the Indian approached, the beast sprang to life and clawed the man about the head. The Indian, however, finished off the big cat with his machete.

The next act was a spell in the hospital for the Indian. But the call of the wild was too strong for him, so he escaped through an open window and fled back into the jungle. As I was returning from a mission trip, I met the Indian in Pailon. He was all scratched but the center of attraction, as he told a rapt audience how he had finished, barehanded, the jaguar—the sixth he had killed.



Bag of Bones. Cotoca surely can get lively for a small town. There was a fellow in town whose prospective marriage I was snafuing because, unbeknown to him, I had information that he was a murderer, on the run from San Jose in Chiquitos Province.

But then one dark night, a local boy, who had designs on the same girl as the Chiquitos fugitive, decided to eliminate his competition with a well-wielded axe. In the investigation that followed, the Chiquitos fugitive proved to be a first-class member of the broomstick brigade. When the police examined his belongings, they found that he had a suitcase full of bones.

He was a sorcerer, but only for commercial purposes. We didn't like being cheated out of our chance to shrive him before his one-way journey.



Joyride in the Dark. God was the co-pilot on a recent flight I made. I was invited by a young but capable pilot to explore our tropical terrain in an old Army trainer, not long away from the United States. All went well until we took off from Concepcion to return home. After the take-off, the cable controlling the ailerons snapped, and the pilot had all he could do to get the ship back to earth. A home-grown mechanic from a nearby pueblo repaired the cable.

We took off again, but our bliss didn't last long. The cable broke again. With the beginnings of a beautiful inside loop, life seemed to have little future. When the pilot got the craft under control, the ground came up awfully fast. Moreover, horses were grazing in the pastures he chose as an airfield. Somehow we landed.

Because I had to be back to preach a novena, we decided to attempt the trip home after the broken cable was again fixed. We passed over Cotoca in utter darkness, and then saw the dim lights of Santa Cruz. The pilot asked me for a flashlight. I thought he wanted to see the instruments of the dashboard. But I received the surprise of my life when he told me that the flashlight was to find the field; the crate had no landing lights.

By James P. Courneen, M.M.



About Face. The heavy rain and flooding we have been suffering have left the people worried and curious. They do not hesitate to blame conditions on the nuclear bombs. But it wasn't an atom bomb that caused Father Bill Kruegler (Troy, N. Y.) some extra pain last week.

Father Bill had gone by horseback from Cotoca to Remanso, one of our mission stations. At one point, he had to skirt the Rio Grande, which had widened three quarters of a mile since his last visit. Jeep travel in the area is impossible and it is even rough on a horse.

On Sunday, after morning Mass in Remanso, Father Bill saddled up and went to Puerto Pailas, six hard hours by saddleback away. He had just pastured his horse when a horseman rode into town. He was from Remanso, had followed the Padre, and had come to ask him to return to Remanso to attend an old man who had been suddenly taken ill.

If you were Padre Bill, what would you have done? Wait until next morning? Not Cotoca's curate. He borrowed a fresh horse, saddled him, and checked the batteries of his flashlight since most of the journey would be done in the dark. Then he scouted around town and borrowed a .38 caliber revolver to ward off stray jaguars. He rode off, promising the Pailas people he'd be back next day. ■■

Why We Became Maryknoll Brothers

"Our greatest happiness, our only reward, is to see our work take hold through the grace of God . . ."

A frank, off-the-cuff interview in which two Maryknollers—Brother Matthew Kirwan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Brother Thaddeus Revers, of Oberlin, Ohio—trace the genesis of their mission vocations.

Q An obvious question, Brother Matthew, is this: What did you do before you came to Maryknoll to embark on the vocation of a Brother?

Bro. M. Well, I graduated from high school, entered the service during the Second World War and served in the Navy in the South Pacific for two years. I then entered the Police Department of New York City and spent three years with that organization. Then, at the age of twenty-five, I entered Maryknoll.

Q How about Brother Thaddeus?

Bro. T. Well, I entered Maryknoll immediately after high school.

Q Why did you choose to be a Maryknoll Brother?

Bro. T. My family have been Maryknollers from the time my uncle, Father Frederick Dietz, entered Maryknoll in 1915. He spent over nineteen years in the Orient (1919-1938), and though his visits to America were infrequent, he was a very good letter-writer. This, of course, brought Maryknoll and mission work close to me while I was still quite young. As a boy, I always had the desire to enter religious life; when the time came to make a definite decision, I felt that Maryknoll was what I wanted. My father, being one of the old-time cabinet makers, insisted that my brothers and I receive a thorough training in his

shop. This training has been most useful to me in my work at Maryknoll.

Q *And now you, Brother Matthew?*

Bro. M. My vocation came to me relatively late in life. In fact, it was a worldly ambition of mine that led me to Maryknoll. When I was a boy, my one desire was to imitate my father and uncle, who were serving as detectives in the New York City Police Department. This desire stayed with me all through school and the service. When I came out after the war, the first thing I did was to apply for the Patrolmen's Exam. I passed the mental exam, but my doctor informed me that my eyes weren't good enough to pass the police physical. This was quite a blow. But my mother advised prayer as the best solution, and pray I did. I stormed heaven. God and His Blessed Mother answered me. I not only passed the police physical, but eventually I prayed my way into Maryknoll.

Q *After one joins Maryknoll, how long does it take to become a Maryknoll Brother?*

Bro. T. After an applicant—who is usually between the ages of eighteen and thirty—is accepted, he spends the first six months as a postulant at the Brothers' Novitiate in Brookline, Massachusetts. He then enters the novitiate formally and receives the cassock and cincture. He is given one year of special spiritual training. At the end of the novitiate he takes his first oath—which is to be renewed for three successive years. He then takes his final

oath and becomes a permanent member of the Maryknoll family. Incidentally, this is all packed very dramatically in a 26-minute color film that has recently been produced. It is called "The Maryknoll Brothers."

Q *I believe that you, Brother Matthew, are connected with the Brothers' Training Institute.*

Bro. M. Yes. I am an instructor in electricity and heating.

Q *Why a training institute for the Brothers?*

Bro. M. Special training is necessary for mission work. A Brother must not only be trained in the industrial arts, but he must be molded for mission work, particularly regarding his attitudes toward the people with whom he will work in mission lands. Therefore the best instructors for Brothers are Brothers.

Q *Have you been in the missions, Brother Thaddeus?*

Bro. T. Yes, I have. I spent about ten years in the missions. Eight in the Orient—including Japan, Hong Kong, and Wuchow in South China—and two years in the High Sierras of northwestern Mexico.

Q *Brother, can you give some concrete examples of the way Brothers improve the material well-being of the people in mission lands?*

Bro. T. Our Brothers are now working in Maryknoll missions in twelve different countries of Asia, South America, Africa and the Islands of the

interview

Pacific. The work of a Brother in the missions is extremely varied. He has to be a real jack-of-all-trades. Generally he has a basic job such as construction, bookkeeping, teaching, or mechanics; but he is often called upon to be cook, sacristan, infirmarian, or to help out in any unexpected situation. My work was generally in construction; but because I was in the Orient during the war years, under very unstable conditions, I was often called upon to do other work.

Our missions are seldom in large cities where supplies are easily obtained. Therefore it is often necessary for the Brothers to revive old crafts forgotten through the years, such as brick and tile making, casting of metal for building hardware, and burning of lime for plaster. In the Orient even today, people often must buy wood by the log and have it whipsawed to size. Obviously, construction can be a real challenge in many parts of the world.

Q *Are some of the areas where Brothers are working primitive?*

Bro. T. Yes. In Bolivia, along the Beni River, which is a tributary of the Amazon and noted for its man-eating fish, there exists one of the last frontiers of the modern world. Our highway there is the river itself, since the surrounding jungles are impassable. An example of a Brother completely dedicated to the spiritual and material welfare of his people is Brother Gonzaga Chilitti. He was captain, crew, and engineer of one of the small river

boats. On the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, in 1952, he was on a supply trip to remote, upriver, mission stations. Without warning, a huge tree on the bank of the river uprooted and crashed across the launch. Brother Gonzaga was crushed against the motor. He died instantly and is now buried in South America near the people he loved.

Q *What other courses, Brother Matthew, are available at your Training Institute?*

Bro. M. Building construction, auto mechanics, commercial bookkeeping.

Q *Why don't Brothers specialize?*

Bro. M. Well, the vastness of our mission areas creates a need for highly versatile Brothers. Because of the great distances, in any given mission area the total contingent of Brothers will be relatively small. Frequently, there will be but one Brother on a mission station. Here in America, when something goes wrong with our electric wiring, our auto, our plumbing drainage system, we pick up the phone and call the necessary number. In the missions, there may be no phones and very often no plumbers or mechanics. The mission Brother must be capable of designing a church or school, supervising its construction, installing the water-supply systems—such as they are—and putting in the necessary wiring. In a very cold climate he might design the heating system and keep the jeep, motorcycle, and trucks rolling. Clerical work, teaching cate-

chism, and supervising boys' clubs also are undertaken.

Q *What is the greatest happiness or reward of being a Brother?*

Bro. T. Our greatest happiness, our only reward, is to see our work take hold, through the grace of God, and to see the marvelous effects of this grace in raising our people to a new and enlightened way of life.

Although life in the missions is not always easy, we have the pleasure of sharing our vocation with our fellow Maryknollers. Of course, first we must overcome the language barrier, learning to love and live with people who have been brought up in a totally different culture. The food is usually strange to our taste, and a nice cold drink of water is something to dream about; dirt and bugs, filth and misery, are quite common. We may roast in the summer, freeze in the winter, and drip in the rainy season. But a Brother is anxious to endure all things to win souls for Christ.

Q *Why does a young man become a Brother and not a priest?*

Bro. M. That's a tough question—unless you are a Brother. Basically a vocation is a calling from God. Our Lord said, "You have not chosen me but I have chosen you." God implants in the souls of those whom He intends for His service certain talents, aptitudes, and inclinations that tend to point one toward the lay apostolate, the Brotherhood, or the priesthood. It is not a lack of intellectual capacity

that determines this choice; but rather, a conviction that, with particular talents and inclination, a young man can serve God better as a Brother than as a priest. Comparison might be made between a husband and wife, in the Sacrament of Matrimony. Each receives specific graces to help make the marriage a success. They are different graces, but they tend toward a single purpose: the success of the marriage. Also, in Maryknoll, the Brother receives special graces, as does the priest; the graces are different but point toward a unified purpose, the salvation of their own souls and the propagation of the Faith.

Q *If a young man wishes to become a Maryknoll Brother what should he do?*

Bro. T. The best advice I can offer is for him to do as I did. He should see his parish priest or confessor and talk it over with him. The next logical step is to write to the Vocation Director, Maryknoll, New York, for more information. Finally, he should pray hard, especially to the Blessed Mother, and then make a decision. ■■■

Available for the asking. The film on "The Maryknoll Brothers" is offered on a free loan basis to interested individuals and parish organizations. To make your reservation, write to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

RECIPES Around the WORLD



■ RICE circles the globe, from Latin America to Asia—where for centuries no main meal has been considered complete without it. Equally ancient is the mushroom: it, like rice, complements many a dish.

Mushrooms and Beans (Mexico)

1 lb. string beans
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
2 tablespoons shortening
3 pimentos, cut in strips
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
1 4-oz. can mushroom caps and stems (or mushroom slices)

Slice string beans and cook in boiling water until barely tender. Then drain beans. In pan, fry onion in shortening until onion is yellow and transparent. Add beans, pimentos, and parsley, and cook for 3 minutes. Season and add mushrooms and mushroom juice. Heat thoroughly and remove to serving dish. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Serves 4.

Mushrooms and Rice

Covered Rice (Peru)

2 tablespoons olive oil
2 cloves garlic, crushed
3 cups water
2 cups rice
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup onion, chopped
2 small tomatoes, chopped
1 cup ground meat
Salt and pepper
½ cup seedless raisins
2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped

Heat oil in a saucepan. Add one clove of garlic and a dash of salt. Add water and bring to a boil. Add rice and reduce flame. Simmer until rice is tender. In another saucepan saute onion, remaining garlic, and tomatoes, in the shortening. Add the meat, and season with salt and pepper. When meat is cooked, add raisins and parsley. Rub a mold or baking dish with shortening; put in a layer of rice, then a layer of the meat mixture; repeat, ending with a layer of rice. Dot with shortening and place under low broiler flame for 3

minutes. Turn out on serving platter, top with grated cheese, garnish with hard-boiled egg slices. Serves 8.

Mushrooms with Chicken (China)

1 lb. uncooked chicken meat, cut in pieces
½ cup Chinese soy sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
5 tablespoons cornstarch
2 4-oz. cans mushrooms
2 cups soup stock

Combine soy sauce, sugar, and cornstarch in a bowl. Dredge uncooked chicken in this mixture. Meanwhile put mushrooms in saucepan over low heat, and add mushroom juice. (Same amount of water may be used in place of mushroom juice if desired.) When mushrooms are boiling, add dredged chicken. Gradually add the soup stock and cook until chicken is tender. (If fresh mushrooms are used, saute them first.) Serves 6.

Fried Rice (Mexico)

1 cup rice
4 teaspoons olive oil
2 cups hot chicken broth
1 cup tomato juice
2 onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic, crushed
Salt

Add the rice to saucepan in which olive oil has been heated. Saute rice until it begins to brown. Add remaining ingredients and bring mixture to a boil. Then cover and simmer over low heat for half hour, until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Serves 4.

JULY, 1960

Rice and Mushrooms (Haiti)

2 cups water
2 cups canned mushrooms, minced
2 cups rice
2 teaspoons bacon drippings
½ cup ham, chopped (or left-over meat)
¼ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon thyme

In a saucepan, combine mushrooms with water, mushroom juice, and all ingredients. Bring mixture to a boil; then reduce heat. Cover and simmer mixture for about half hour until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Serves 6.

Baked Rice Dessert (South Africa)

1 cup rice
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1-inch stick cinnamon
½ teaspoon turmeric
½ cup seedless raisins
2 tablespoons butter, melted
3 tablespoons sugar

Combine rice, water, lemon rind, cinnamon, salt, and turmeric in a heavy saucepan. Cover; simmer for 15 minutes and stir. Add raisins and cook for another 20 minutes, until rice is tender. Combine melted butter and sugar, and stir mixture into the rice. Remove to buttered baking dish, dot with butter, and place under low broiler flame for 3 minutes. Serves 4. ■■

Back Recipes

For our many readers who have written us, back recipes are now available in an attractive booklet, price twenty-five cents. Write: Maryknoll Publications, Maryknoll, N. Y.



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The Charmers



PROBLEM:



When Monsignor Edward L. Fedders,
a Maryknoll missioner from
Covington, Kentucky, was
entrusted with the care of
400,000 souls in Juli, Peru,
he had only twelve Mary-
knoll, seven Peruvian and
one Spanish priests to help
him—few to reach that
many. What to do?



SOLUTION: The monsignor and his zealous priest helpers literally rolled up their sleeves and went to work to establish a pre-minor seminary for the training of future local priests; trained 600 volunteer laymen in the art of catechism instruction; received Government permission to appoint priests as supervisors of religious instruction in all schools.

But—this is only the beginning! To reach all the 400,000 souls, Monsignor Fedders needs more priests, Brothers, and Sisters with the same spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal for souls that he and his co-workers have. His plea is the same plea that comes from all

missionaries throughout the world: "There is much good to be done, but few to do it! Send us more zealous workers for souls." Is God asking you to answer this call?

Think — and — act!

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name

Street

City Zone State

Age School Grade

*Not to be an apostle
to be an apostate,
ay the Christians in*

Father Rost took charge of getting the church ready for evening Mass at eight. This was no small task. He was moving the church from an old store to its new quarters, and was getting in just under the line. With the help of his Christians, altar and benches were put in that day. Carpenters were still working on the rectory—a back room.

Despite the noise and confusion, the altar boys managed to rehearse the ceremonies. They were well prepared by late afternoon.

That evening the Christians came in from outlying districts. By practicing my Taiwanese with them, I found they were friendly, easy to talk with. In the coming days, I witnessed their fervor and devotion and joy.

Easter Sunday morning saw forty catechumens baptized. Before the High Mass, they were divided into two groups. Father Rost baptized one group, and I the other. After I baptized one woman, her godmother, who was standing behind, leaned over and gave the newly baptized a warm embrace and kiss of joy.

Truly, I thought, this was a symbol of the joy of Holy Mother Church. "A woman, when she has brought forth her child, has joy..." This was the day the Lord made; Shui Li's Christians were rejoicing in it.

These Christians were newly born and tender. They had just completed their study of the doctrine. Yet they had zeal such as the early Christians had. They had learned well the lesson that not to be an apostle is to be an apostate. They were bringing Christ to their neighbors, and their neighbors to Christ. They were doing their part in spreading the Church. ■■

Two-Road Town

Eugene M. Murray, M.M.

HUI LI is a two-road town in central Formosa. One road bypasses Shui Li; the other road cuts the town in two, and is lined with shops and stores. Thanks to Fathers Knotek and Rost, the church has moved from a makeshift store on the dusty Sun Moon Lake Road to a full-sized edifice in the heart of town, next to the post office.

When Holy Week came along, Father Rost appealed to the language school for help. I had completed seven months of language study and was sent to assist with Holy Week ceremonies in Shui Li.

On Holy Thursday morning I rode on the back of Father Rost's motorcycle to Shui Li. My first task was to take final choir practice. Chinese have hard time pronouncing certain Latin sounds; but after a little drilling their *Pange Lingua* was a credit to their appreciation of the liturgy.

editorial...

The Name of Man Is All Men

By Doctor Tom Dooley

IF WE ARE to have order and peace in the world, we must make it so. And when I say "we," I mean you and me. I do not mean the Government. I do not mean Washington. I mean you and me. A government can only go so far. The final responsibility is ours.

And the greatest way we are going to regain order and peace is to help the people of Asia. And the best way we will help the people of Asia is to teach them to know and understand us. It does only a minimum amount of good to build Asians a hydro-electric plant. It does only a limited amount of good to build them an expressway. Nothing is as important as giving them the hands and heart of America, yours and mine. The success of our foreign policy depends on the image that we create of America in the minds of Asians.

Undoubtedly Asia needs many things. Wander the mountains and streets of Asia, and you will soon realize that half of the world will go to bed a little hungry tonight. You will realize that half the people of the world will never see a doctor in the full span of their lives. But to feed Asians bread and medicine is to feed only half their hunger.

Down in the capitals of Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Saigon, and Singapore, I have spoken to university students who seek the whys and wherefores of

America. They seek to satisfy an intellectual hunger—a hunger that can only be satisfied on a person-to-person heart-to-heart, human-to-human approach. Speak to those students as did, and you will realize that the battle today is not a battle for sheer economics. It is a battle for the minds and hearts and spirit of men. In the final analysis, it is the quality of the human being that counts because it is the man that builds the nation.

Communism is led by men—in Vietnam, in China and in the Soviet Union. It is led by men who denounce God who deny individual rights, who despise freedom, who exalt treachery who practice terror and torture as part of every day's work. Communism is led by men who have an acknowledged supreme mission—the destruction of our country and the last vestiges of our way of life.

This is my personal code. I believe that no man on earth can achieve his own happiness unless he strives for happiness of others. I believe that it is not enough to profess oneness with other people. It is not enough to talk about the brotherhood of man. But I believe that we must go out and act upon our beliefs; we must give action to our words.

I believe that no man is ever permanently or completely a stranger to his fellow man. If you are sick, you

MARYKNOLL

have a claim on me as a doctor. You have a claim on the person next to you as a neighbor. But so do the bloated children of Indochina have a claim on you. So do the black and brown children of the Belgian Congo have a claim on you. I have examined all of these people, and all have hearts and lungs and livers and spleens in identically the same places. We all have the same pulse rate. We all are born to the same image and likeness.

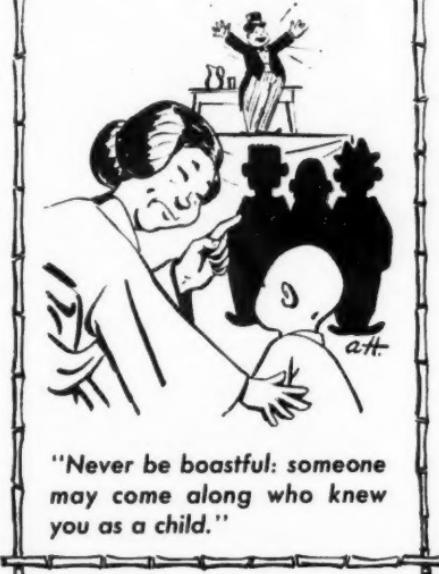
My crew and I have in the day-to-day grind of our life much exertion. There is danger and some choking futility. And there is loneliness. But when the chaos and the sadness of the day melt into the quiet silence of the night, it becomes very obvious why we were put on this earth. We have not been put here just to vegetate, merely to exist. But we have been put here to find a way, a channel whereby we can be of service to our fellow man. The channels for this service are many. You don't have to go out into the far beyond. There are channels as educators, as doctors, as businessmen, as wives in community life. Even for those in school, there is the task of preparing ground for the time to come.

Lose yourselves a little bit, get beyond yourselves. Submerge yourself in something that is greater than yourself. Build your horizons broad. Let the tragedies of things that have passed urge you on to finer things tomorrow. Don't let time or space anesthetize you. There is no more time in this world. There is no more space. Listen to the voices that speak to you. Go beyond your own continent. Listen to the voices of Asia, of Africa, of the new nations, of old nations. Look at the shattering new ideas that have

come into our lives. Look at the destinies you and I have to control and mold. Expose yourself to new ideas, and never forget that most of the people of the world, through ignorance, hate you. Do not fear this hate. Know that it can be conquered by love. Be confident that we can handle the problems that confront us.

I believe that among the most eloquent words of mankind are these words of Carl Sandburg: "There is only one man in the world and his name is all men. There is only one woman in the world and her name is all women. And there is only one child in the world and that child's name is all children."

MR. MOTO SAYS:



"Never be boastful: someone may come along who knew you as a child."

Spring

By Richard A. Aylward, M.M.

"I T'LL rain soon."

"Yes. I suppose it will. It has been rather dry for a rainy season, though, hasn't it?"

The young Japanese man nodded his head, and the wide brim of his straw hat flapped in front of his dark eyes. He took off the hat and bent down so that his head was under the spigot. He turned on the faucet, and the cool water ran over his jet-black hair like strings of pearls on black velvet. He turned off the water and stood facing me. Water was streaming down his face and his neck and his chest.

"It's a good feeling—water." He

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*A sermon on a profane text
—over before it started.*

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laughed in relief because the sticky sweat was washed away. "Have you been in Japan long?"

"This year's September will be my sixth. Where are you from?" Just to look at his glistening skin was enough to make me feel cool.

"Hachiman," he said. Then afraid that I did not know, he asked me if I had heard tell of the place.

"I'm a businessman from Omi," I said with a laugh at my own joke. Omi is the old-fashioned name for Hachiman, and there are none shrewder than businessmen from Omi. He liked my joke and laughed too.

I said, "I used to live in Hikone,



and went to Hachiman quite often."

He apologized for Hachiman, saying that it is only a small town. I reminded him that Hachiman is a city, not a town. He appreciated that.

"How far did you go in school?"

"A year ago March I graduated from high school."

He had been standing. He sat down then on the steps of the rectory and began talking of himself. His face seemed a perfect octagon; seriousness sharpened its lines and its angles, and a smile shattered the pattern of his face like a prism does light.

Working with cement was not his idea of a career. But cement was his father's business, and therefore cement was his fate. His father had told him that cement mixers turned out cement, not books—especially not law books. The desire to go on for law was still with him, but it was getting weaker. He was pretty sure that all his desire for law would be gone by the time he'd be ready for marriage.

"Then your family is beginning to talk of your marriage?" I asked.

"I'm only twenty-three, Father. There isn't likely to be any talk of marriage for another three or four years. Anyway, I'm not earning enough money to get married."

"I read recently," I continued, "that young people object to having their parents arrange marriages."

"American magazines, I'll bet."

"Well mostly."

The seriousness of the lawyer again arranged his face into that perfect octagon. He shook his head to emphasize his words. "In Japan, family marries family," he explained. "It's the only way. Young people don't know what's good for them."

He went back to the faucet for a drink. Like a fastidious racoon he first rinsed his hands. Then he cupped them and raised the spilling water to his mouth. He gargled, and his Adam's apple danced up and down. "It's a good feeling—water. I went to the church in Hachiman while I was in high school."

"Are you a believer?"

He laughed. He had gone to church to study English.

"Church is for other things, for learning of God."

He smiled and bowed. And I watched him walk away.

I remembered the words: Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder if I could put a notion in his head. They were like a tune, running over and over. ■■

Facts Worth Remembering. In some countries of the world, only one doctor exists for every 200,000 people; in other countries, there is one doctor for every 700 people.... A one-inch pipe can transport as much water as 150 women working continuously for eight hours —yet in many parts of the world, water is still transported long distances by woman power.... In Latin America agricultural productivity is but one fifth that of the United States.... International Cooperation Agency experiments in Korea showed that fertilizer spread on a field doubled the yield, compared to an adjoining non-fertilized field: Better farming methods are the answer to population expansion, not birth control as advocated by many Occidentals.

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WE DARE YOU to resist the im-
pulse to yawn as you study Maria,
sitting in her playpen in Peru!

Choi Louis, a college graduate in Korea,

writes



By Thomas E. McKee, M.M.

WORK among responsive Koreans has many satisfactions. Their belief in God's existence is so natural that worship and love for Him become for them a pleasure.

The parable of Our Lord, "For behold, the sower went out to sow his seed . . ." is true in Korea. The seed that is the word of God still falls by the wayside and upon rocky ground and among thorns, where it is lost, and upon good ground where it bears fruit a hundredfold.

For every success, there are many attempts which have no immediate results. For every baptism, there are many who once expressed great interest.

Every missioner has had the experience of patiently and kindly leading people through the ever-widening corridor of God's truth towards baptism —only to see the light of faith in them abruptly flick out.

There are times, too, when faith blossoms brilliantly, and a deep piety establishes itself in a person. For example, there is Choi Louis, a college graduate, aged 25. I had baptized him on the feast of the Assumption. In this letter, he reassured me of his fidelity to God:

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writes about what his new-found faith means to him.

Letter to his Pastor

Praise to the Holy Name of Jesus!

Since I left Kang Hwa, ten days have elapsed. During that time Father have things been going peacefully? Have Father Pak and all of the Catholics been well? I should like to receive news. Since leaving Kang Hwa and coming here, I am very thankful that through God's providence and your kind concern things are going well for me, and I do thank God constantly for this.

I came here and immediately meeting some friends, informed them that I have been baptized in the Catholic Church and observing all of her laws in word and act, things are quite different from what they were before. This was surprising to them. Since coming to Seoul, I have received the Sacrament of Confession twice. And every day without fail I recite morning and night prayers, the *Angelus* and the Rosary. And especially when I say the Rosary, I remember you, Father, and offer thanks to God. Using the rosary you gave me, I recite it daily without fail. Since coming here, I have been sad at the fact that the church is so far away that I cannot go there regularly every morning and evening

as I did with happiness at Kang Hwa.

Here at Seoul it is very different from the country and confusing. Also there are many places here where one can go for recreation. However I remember the words you spoke to me before I left, Father, and am careful not to go with friends to places that are not very good. I no longer go to the tea rooms or theaters that I used to frequent.

Although the weather is still hot, the cool mornings and evenings now indicate that autumn will be here quickly. And so according to nature's laws, the four seasons go and come. In that way, as from the moment of birth one is preparing for death and the grave, so I know that our greatest work is to do good, avoid evil, and in saving our souls attain the happiness of heaven. I intend to be a real man and worship God with all my heart, by zealously practicing the Faith.

Father, since you have shown such a kind affection to me, I hope that you will pray for me constantly. I, also praying to God that you always enjoy good health and all blessings from God, will end with this.

Choi Louis

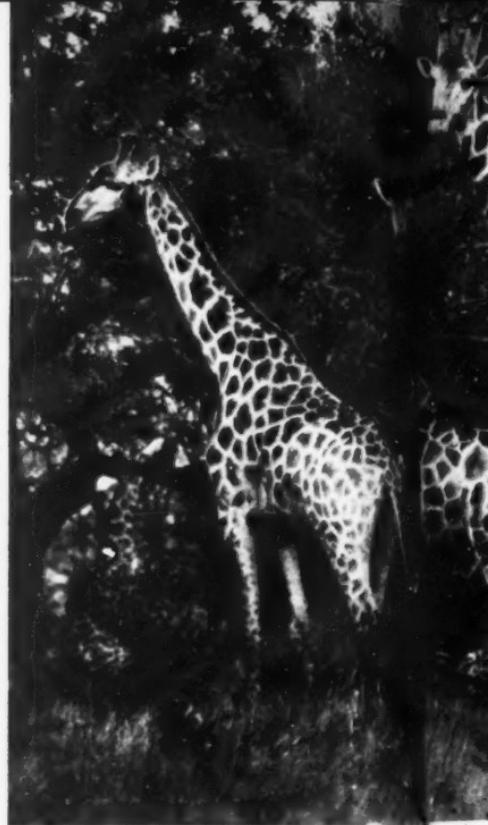
*No taxes, no politics—
and yet giraffes have
high blood pressure.*

STIFF-NECKED CRITTER

By Frank Sheedy

ANYONE who has seen a herd of giraffes ambling across the African plain has witnessed a sight of grace and effortless ease that is unforgettable. And when a giraffe bends down to strip off the topmost leaves of the acacia tree with its foot-and-a-half-long tongue (skillfully avoiding the thorns), the whole world seems out of proportion.

The giraffe is the world's tallest animal—sometimes over eighteen feet. Although its neck stretches out from eight to ten feet, the tall animal has the same number of neck vertebrae as a man or a mouse, namely seven. Because the giraffe's heart must pump blood this long distance, every giraffe suffers from hypertension, and its blood pressure is twice that of man. Recently, scientists began a study of giraffes, hoping to learn facts about



high blood pressure that might be helpful to human sufferers.

While the giraffe's height gives a bird's-eye view of the world, that loftiness is the cause of other troubles besides high blood pressure. For one thing, the giraffe finds it too much trouble to lie down, and even more to get up. As a result, the creature usually sleeps standing up against a mimosa tree, sometimes even burying its head there. For another, the giraffe finds it very difficult to drink. To do so, the animal must spread its legs awkwardly, and at such a time it is very vulnerable to its enemy, the lion. However, when

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and shields. And although the giraffe has excellent sight and eyes that can see front, back and side without any turning of its head, many giraffes became tangled in telephone wires erected along the railroad's right of way in Kenya and Tanganyika until the lines were raised to thirty feet.

The Romans named the giraffe "camelopard" because the animal has the face of a camel and the spots of a leopard. The Arabs gave the animal the name *zirafah*, which means "one of grace," and it is from this word that our name "giraffe" fittingly comes.

Giraffes are deceptive creatures. It is hard to believe that a bull giraffe may weigh as much as two tons. It is also difficult to understand how giraffes although exposed all day to the burning African sun can go for months without water, although they will drink daily if a water hole is at hand. Looking at a giraffe, one gets the impression that its front legs are longer than its rear; actually, they are the same length, and the illusion is caused by the slope of the giraffe's back.

For a long time it was thought that a giraffe had no voice. Now we know that occasionally it gives a mild moo. Perhaps the length that the sound must travel is too much effort for the gentle beast, and for that reason prefers silence. Its main mode of communication is by swishing its long tail, a post-pendium that Africans prize highly as an amulet. Giraffes are now protected by the African governments, so they will be around with us a while longer.

erect, the giraffe has no fear of the so-called king of beasts. For it can move across the plain at speeds up to thirty miles an hour. If it chooses to stand and fight, it will rip a lion to shreds with the sharp, staccatolike thrusts of its hooves.

The giraffe, which lives to the ripe old age of thirty, has had a difficult time surviving. Its ancestors once roamed southern Europe and were found as far away as China and India. However, today it has been driven back to Africa south of the Sahara. The natives decimated large herds to get the tough giraffe hides for whips

JULY, 1960

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Fishing junks, each operated by several families, sail from Aberdeen every day for the prolific fishing grounds off the South China coast.

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escapees from Communist tyranny repair a sail. These men are skilled navigators who have survived many a typhoon in order to make a living.

Refugees Afloat

Pictures and Background by Morgan J. Vittengl, M.M.

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL sights in the world is to be found on the Aberdeen mud flats of Hong Kong. Here surrounding a beautiful harbor are thousands of small sampans, which are the homes of 50,000 fisherfolk who managed to escape from coastal areas of Red China.

Riding at anchor in the harbor are the larger junks, each owned by several families. Every day the men of the Aberdeen refugees put to sea in

the junks to fish the South China waters and gain livelihood for their families.

Although the fisherfolk live in cramped squalor aboard the sampans, they show no preference for any other life. They are a world to themselves. Skills and trades are passed down from father to son, as has been the custom for centuries. Each man's only dream is of owning his own junk some day.



This maze of sampans is home for 50,000 refugees. These mud-locked boats are no longer used for sailing. Wives and children stay aboard, while husbands and sons fish each day from the more-seaworthy junks.

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A merchant makes his rounds hawking water. Fishing families spend their entire lives aboard their tiny craft and seldom venture ashore.



Firewood vendors in an open sampan paddle through the moored fleet seeking customers.



For children of the fishing folk, water is their natural environment.



It's no easy job to move a sampan through the water, as this shows.

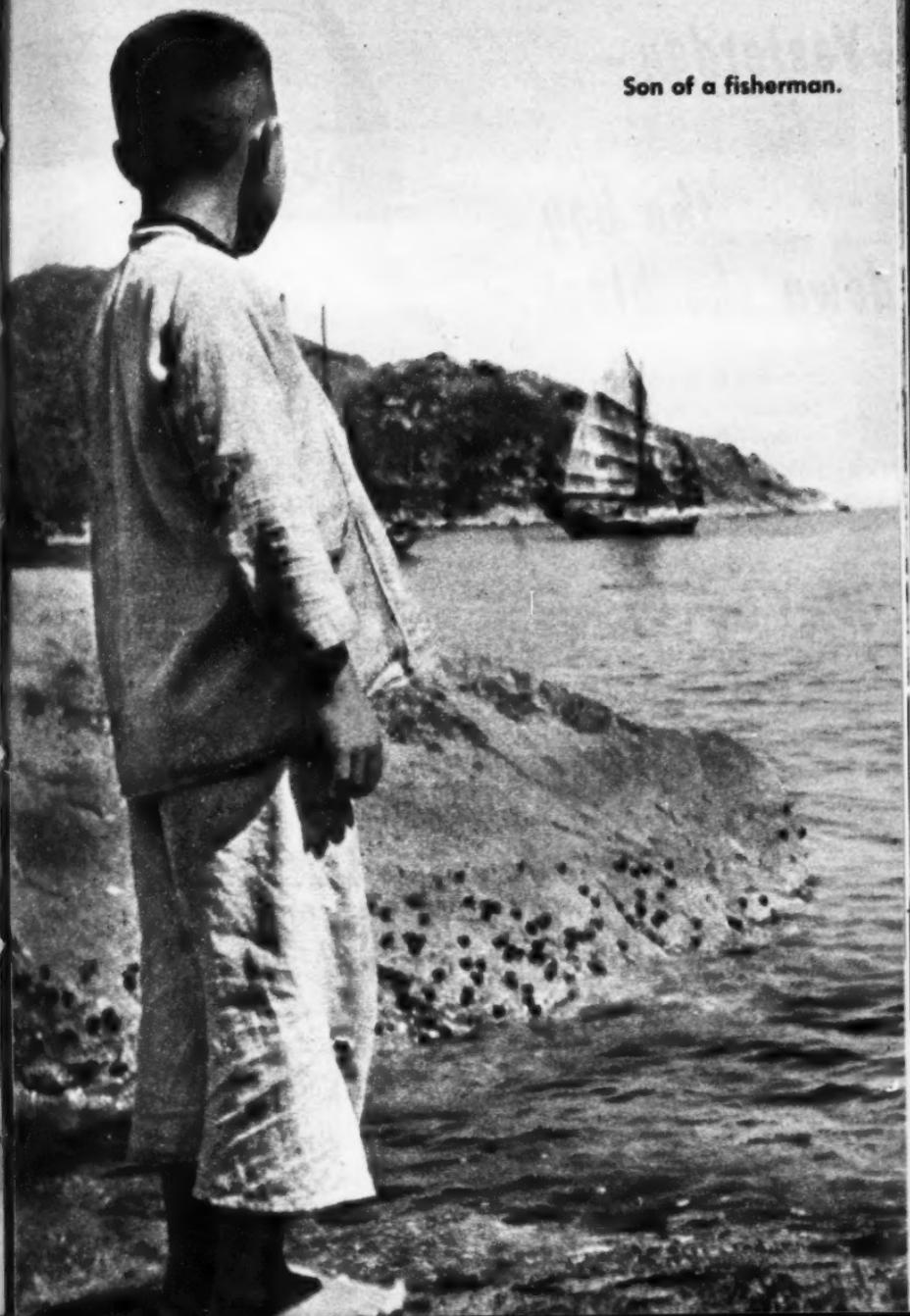
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FEW CHILDREN of the refugee fishing families get the chance for education. They go to work at an early age and know no other life than that of the sampans. Born on a sampan, each will grow up on one, marry on one, and die there.

In recent years, the Church has been making some progress among the refugees afloat. Maryknoll's Father Paul Duchesne was able to give many families relief assistance after they escaped from China and he helped families to buy nets or sails and make a new start. A Jesuit missionary has organized the fishermen into cooperatives and thus is helping them to greater economic freedom and security for their families. ■■

MARYKNOLL

Son of a fisherman.



**Yesterday—
He was
the boy
down the block.**



Looking at a young missioner, many can say: "Why, I can remember him as a boy!" Everyone of them was once like any average young lad you see growing up near you—the only difference being that God has given him a special vocation.

TODAY HE IS A MISSIONER SAVING SOULS,

taking Christ and His charity to the poor, and the ignorant, and the neglected—and YOU CAN HELP HIM. He needs support—
YOUR SUPPORT. Just \$1 a day keeps him going. By sharing in the sacrifices of a missioner, you share also in his rewards, his Masses, his prayers. Help yourself by helping him.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

While I can, I will give \$ towards the \$30 needed monthly to support a missioner. I know that this does not obligate me in any way; that I may discontinue at any time; and that it should not interfere with personal or parish obligations.

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AN IDEA hit Father Breen in the middle of July. He and I had been talking about what we could do to interest the people of San Juan in the doctrine. The pueblo of San Juan and surrounding villages form a part of the Soloma mission in the Cuchumatanes mountains of Guatemala.

The people of San Juan had almost completely withheld all the advances of the Padres. God's grace, the truths of Christianity, our efforts, were getting nowhere with the people of San Juan. Our problem was what to do to wake them to the absurdity of their many and complicated superstitions.

The people were earnest in living up to such beliefs as they knew. The church in San Juan showed eloquent signs of that. It was an old church; it was a run-down church. It was dirty, dark, dank. It was a building that had an odor of mystery about it—and I do mean odor. It was a church where their superstitions felt at home.

Father Breen and I had often discussed the people of San Juan. Then that idea hit him. Maybe cleaning up the church building in San Juan would pry open the hearts of the people of the village. The suggestion was a daring one. Our Indians clutch their superstitions to their hearts; they have fought all changes. They would need someone on the spot to give them personal persuasion.

Father Breen elected me to live in San Juan to urge and cajole and guide the Indians at every step of the way in getting San Juan's church cleaned and repaired. He thought I could prevent the people of San Juan from creating a riot over the changes that were to be made in their church. And don't you let anyone tell you that the Indians

Lorenzo Learns to Cook

By Thomas R. Melville, M.M.

will not riot if sudden and unexpected changes invade the lives of our Indians. Change stirs up a hornet's nest.

When I arrived in San Juan, the rectory was in a run-down condition. It had not been lived in for over a year. But a few willing and able hands, plus lots of hot water and soap, took care of that. Then there was the little question of who was going to cook?

The only answer to that was Lorenzo. You may remember Lorenzo. He's the lad who set a new record for learning Latin, so that he could serve the priest at Mass. A brief article introducing him appeared in the pages of this magazine some months ago.

Lorenzo was like an opening wedge in San Juan, a village where the number of Catholics can be counted on the fingers of one hand. He has a quick wit. I reasoned that, if he could learn Latin, he could learn to cook. It was

with great expectancy that I shipped him off to Soloma, where Father Breen lives. He was to take lessons in cooking from the cook at the Soloma rectory.

Lorenzo is back now and is going great guns as a cook. But there was a while there I didn't know whether he could master the culinary art, or not. Let me explain.

That first day he was back, I walked into the kitchen at noon. Signals from inside me were letting me know that I was hungry. The kitchen was full of smoke. My heart leaped into my mouth; I thought the rectory was on fire. Lorenzo's smile emerged from the smoke. He announced with a great deal of satisfaction that he was in the process of baking bread.

After congratulating him, I suggested that he open a window. That would slow the tears that were streaming down his face. Then I asked Lorenzo what he had prepared for dinner.

The lad's half-wary, half-indignant face gave me the answer to that. He protested that he couldn't bake bread and prepare dinner at the same time. What could I do but open a can of baked beans? I had brought along a supply of canned goods for such an emergency.

Supper that day was an improve-

ment. Lorenzo had potatoes on the menu, mashed potatoes—about five pounds of them. It wasn't until the next morning that Lorenzo served the bread. The loaf was about two inches high. It was soggy in the center. It was encased in a sooty, black crust.

"Heh, heh," laughed Lorenzo. "Not quite as good as the cook's bread in Soloma." I tried a piece, but I wasn't brave enough to do more.

To save his face, I told him to take the bread to his mother as a present. Four days later I got a yen for some bread. Lorenzo wasn't up to trying again at that stage. I suggested that he go to the village and buy a few buns.

I was at lunch that day, eating my boiled potatoes and boiled cabbage when in walked Lorenzo. Out of his bag he drew three buns. He dusted each bun on his jacket sleeve—the jacket that Lorenzo seldom takes off.

Then Lorenzo drew out of the bag his prize—a live chicken. It was a present from his mother to me.

Lorenzo is an earnest altar boy; he takes the obligations of his religion seriously. But boiled potatoes and boiled cabbage, day in and day out! Was it two months, or three, that Father had told me to stay here in the pueblo of San Juan?

■ ■

Happy Apostolate. Some years ago a stage actress suffered an injury to her back which keeps her bedridden to this very day. Most of that time she has spent not on her back but lying face down. Yet everyone who goes in to see her comes out feeling better. Her sunny smile is always there to greet you, and her cheery words comfort you. Her secret? If you ask her, she will open her right hand and show you a pair of white rosary beads, and tell you: "I have no time to think of myself. I spend my days and sometimes my nights asking Our Lady to give the world more religious vocations from amongst her sons and daughters. Will you join me?" Will you?

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In many college classrooms, labs, and libraries, Maryknoll Sisters are working late to prepare for a lifetime of service to mankind.

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*Africans twine their hearts
round this Boston priest.
His respect for them as people
brings his work to a climax.*

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

THE IRRESISTIBLE

FAATHER! Father! The cement!" little Vincent yelled as he ran. It was the boy's special duty to count twice daily the bags of cement that were stored in the shed to complete the work on the new church of Nyarombo. And, tragedy of tragedies, three bags were missing!

The pastor, Father Joseph Glynn, of St. Peter's Parish, Dorchester, Mass., knew that two local men were doing a little building of their own. He hopped into his pickup truck, retrieved one bag of cement from the first likely culprit and two bags from a second suspect. Father knows his people. They realize he knows them; they respect highly his shrewd insight. But thieves are born gamblers, and over-strong desires often tip their judgment to a bad guess.

The Luo language and customs dominate the mixed tribes of the Nyarombo mission. The Luos moved down from the Sudan, across Kenya and into Tanganyika, like an irresistible flow of lava. Pagan customs of a thousand years have complicated human tendencies to sin, in these forward and friendly people. Christianity is slow to spread wherever its ethics require a change in social custom. Luo customs are strong because they are a strong people. Their language and ways prevail wherever they go. But Christianity is the immovable fortress of truth and grace that is slowly turning the powerful force of Luo customs.

Father Glynn is a powerful captain of the immovable fortress of Christianity. His moral might has nothing of bluster about it. He is a man of few visits and few words, but of exceptionally accurate judgment. Calm as the huge, granite rocks that earth's convulsions stacked up crazily on Nyarombo's hilltop, Father Glynn's good judgment serves the Musoma Diocese well, for he is vicar general to Bishop John Rudin. A house of wisdom for counseling and a rock of loyalty for friendship, Father Glynn has a heart of tenderness for children, the sick; and the heart of a zealous shepherd of the wayward.

He is not the fearsome and visionless fence-sitter. Since the Luo are obviously leaders, he says, they must be converted. This will prevent them from imposing their weaknesses on other peoples; and will put their strength, their shrewdness, their friendliness into spiritual leadership.

The Luo people do not hold grudges. They can take a scolding if deserved, but they want the matter forgotten—

no nagging afterward. In a marriage dispute, husband, wife, and persons involved come together before Father Glynn, at the mission. Each has his or her say without interruption. After the talkfest, which may last from two hours to two days, everybody goes home. That is the end of the dispute.

Luos try to find a soft spot in Father Glynn that they can touch for their own purposes. Their sometimes successful deceptions are reasons for his being alert. Even in their backsliding they are never far out of his reach. He knows when to be tolerant and when to speak frankly. If a man takes a second or third wife, Father urges him to keep going to Mass. He has found that many such Mass-frequenters will want reconciliation with God on their deathbed. He does not give up—even with a former catechist who buys cows for another wife with his catechist's salary.

Father Glynn is seeking Government permission to start a primary school at the Nyarombo mission. His Christians themselves clamor for the school, at the monthly meetings with the Commissioner. When Father seeks land for a new outstation, he has the village elders meet to decide on the right piece of tribal ground and negotiate a long-term lease.

All good Africans come to the aid of themselves; vigilance is the price of gouging the other fellow for all he is worth. Education is something most Africans want for their boys. Their sons need education, to give them a higher social prestige than how many cows they have on the open range and how many wives they can talk about at beer parties. They need a better way of life than making a living by

having many wives who will cultivate many fields and produce many girls for cow dowries that will swell the family herd. The boys need to understand that money can be earned for housing, clothes, and perhaps a car. They need to understand that public office demands service to the people.

The daughters need education, too. Education will make them respected for something more than the number of cows their marriage will bring. Young mothers need to have training in child care, nutrition, sewing, so they can lower the appalling infant mortality. The more children of the first wife that survive, the less excuse for the husband to take a second wife.

Father Glynn sees and loves the best in his people. His mission work may soon require an addition. For it is anybody's guess whether even the finest African leaders—like Julius Nyerere, leader of the Tanganyika African National Union—can control the radicals. Please God, there will be a relatively peaceful transition in Tanganyika, rather than a blood bath.

But worry about the future does not pervade the busy hum of the Nyarombo mission. Dozens and dozens of new Christians are added to the parish each year. Father Joseph Trainor, the curate, has a special charm over the hearts of the young, even while he provides wonderful company for his burdened pastor. Pastor and curate both teach some hours of Christian doctrine each day, to round out the teaching of the catechists. Pastor and curate work together in the parish dispensary.

Only two months ago, pastor and curate moved out of the old church. It had mud walls and grass roof where

bats gurgled and squealed in the roof and left their droppings everywhere. Two years of hard work went into building the present church; it was designed by Father Alden Pierce. Father Glynn spent his vacation in Nairobi, learning to make terrazzo. Then he trained and supervised African workers who put in the altar and sanctuary. The church seats 450; it was sufficiently complete for the ordination of Father Tarcisius, the first Luo priest.

The baptistry is at the front, between the two doors, to teach the Christians that baptism symbolizes their entrance into the riches of the Christian life. The Luos understand baptism and they are willing to work for it. They put in two hours daily of manual labor during their six months of doctrine study at the mission. Nyarombo is a place of many baptisms but few funerals. For the present, tribal rites to honor the dead survive. One rite includes bringing cows to weep at the grave.

The most charming hour of the mission day comes when the African sun submerges its burning torch in the huge cloud blanks over Lake Victoria. In the cool evening I walked with Father Glynn to the cluster of huts that are the homes of widows. Each widow finds at the mission honorable refuge from her in-laws. Otherwise, by tribal custom, a brother-in-law would take the widow as an additional wife.

As we strolled by, children or grandchildren of the widows moved around a small fire of sticks and sisal leaves. Round, homemade clay pots rested on the rocks that surrounded the fire. Each widow usually had two such

fires and two such cooking pots. One was used to heat a heavy paste made of grain that had been ground. In the other was some kind of vegetable—grass or plant leaves picked in the neighborhood.

Twice a day and every day, they eat the same food. At least it's the whole grain and freshly ground. Most persons do not break their fast until noon. But some drink a watery gruel of millet as a sort of morning breakfast.

Father Glynn and I moved slowly from hut to hut, and on to the fires of the catechumens. I could see at once their gracious friendliness to myself as a stranger. I could see their great respect and love for Father Glynn. His quiet humor brought quick and hearty laughter. His side remarks to me pointed out the special qualities of each person. He was completely one of them. He no longer thought of them as Africans and himself as an American. He is their priest—and the liquid music of their chatter and laughter floated sweetly around us in the evening air.

Next morning, after breakfast, we set out in the pickup truck to visit a distant school. A few miles down the road we saw a young couple headed our way on bicycles. Father Glynn stopped the truck and remarked calmly, "I've been looking for that girl for a long time. She went off as the second wife of this boy."

Father was ready to do some firm talking to the girl, but she explained that she was heading for the mission to see him. The boy's first wife had left him and he wanted to study the Christian doctrine. Father Glynn smiled his happiness as he gunned the motor and took off again in a cloud of dust. ■■

Practical applications of the Church's teaching about people

- 1.** We must have a regard for all the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ.
- 2.** Since we must love our neighbors, we must appreciate who our neighbor is.
- 3.** We must accept the responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals.
- 4.** We must share in some way in carrying Christ's teaching to all non-Catholics.
- 5.** We must have a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all men Christ's life of charity.

—from *The Maryknoll Book of Peoples*

These principles provide the inspiration and program for Maryknoll Publications. Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's Cofounder, realized that every idea, if it is to be strong, must have a literature. Maryknoll Publications endeavors, through the printed word, to spread the teachings of Christ and His Church about people. A complete catalog of teaching aids and books will be sent free on request. Write to Maryknoll Publications, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Fred's Gone... but what about Ruth?



Ruth's future looks none too promising, now that her husband's estate is in the hands of the courts. Fred, her husband, died intestate, that is, without having prepared his will. Now his wife's financial future is locked up, pending the court's decision. While he was living, Fred provided well for his family: a summer camp for Tommy; a new dishwasher for Ruth; a ranch dwelling in the suburbs. But while he was enjoying good health, he never gave *his will* a single thought. Now the courts will step in and make decisions for him, which may well be contrary to his wishes.

Don't let this happen to YOU! Our FREE booklet on WILLS explains the details involved in making out your will—a Catholic will! **WRITE TODAY!**

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

Please send me your free booklet on wills, *What Only You Can Do*. I understand there is no obligation; no one will call on me about this.

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Our legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Bambo Wireless

LATEST NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD

As you read this, 47 Maryknollers will be leaving for the missions following annual Departure Ceremony . . . After baptism in Shinyanga, Africa, a youth named Hitler emerged as Englebertus . . . News from China (via underground) is that Bishop JAMES EDWARD WALSH, sentenced to twenty years by the Communists, is seriously ill . . . Interracial note: In Lalago, Tanganyika, an African gave a stipend to Father LEO KENNEDY (Worcester, Mass.) asking him to offer Mass for all Asians, Europeans and Africans in the country.

* * *

Operation Handclasp: A U.S. Navy aircraft has left for Hong Kong with tons of clothing and food. Among the beneficiaries will be the Maryknoll Fathers there and the refugees that they care for. Maryknoll clinics there treat a quarter of a million patients each year.

* * *

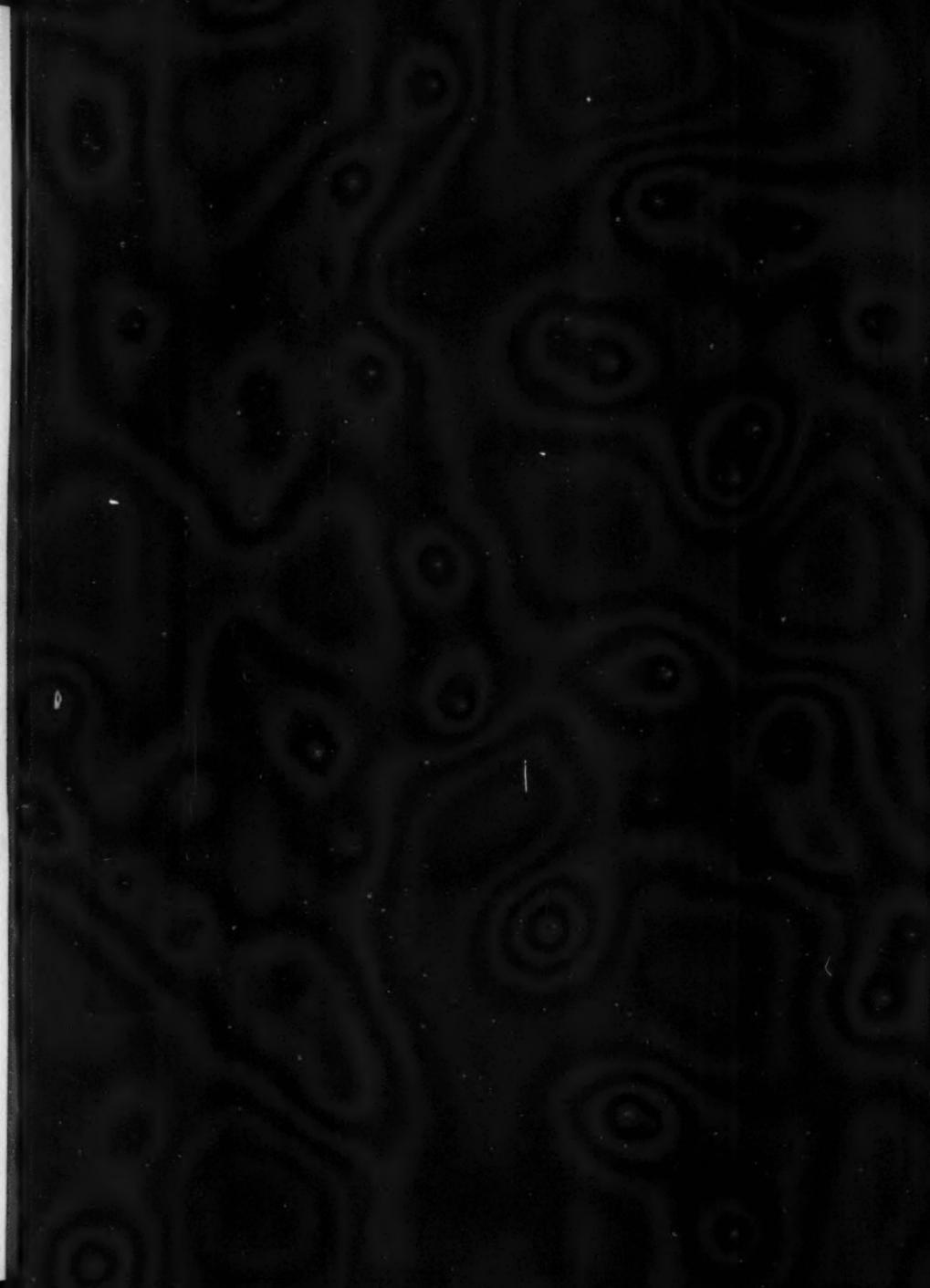
Please remember in your prayers four Maryknollers who have died. Father JOHN HUGUES died in Rome from a heart attack. Father FREDERICK WALKER (Boston) died following an operation. He was a missioner in Chile. Brother BRENDAN McGILLICUDDY (Newport, R.I.) died after a long illness. He saw heavy action in France in World War I and in one battle was sole survivor of a machine gun unit. Brother GERARD LANGLAND (Haverhill, Mass.) was stationed at the Venard, when he suffered a fatal heart attack.

* * *

Father GILBERT DE RITIS (Rochester, N.Y.) offers Mass each Sunday in the market of Puno, Peru. His collection consists of fish, eggs, fruit, and vegetables . . . Following prayers for rain to end a Formosan drought, Father FRANCIS X. KEELAN sloshed home in a downpour.

* * *

Father FRANCIS X. LYONS has written the life story of a fellow Philadelphian, Brother GONZAGA CHIUTTI. Called "Something for God," it is now on press. Brother was killed in a jungle accident in Bolivia . . . The cloistered Maryknoll Sisters have moved into their new home . . . Father PETER PETRUCCI (Farmington, W. Va.) escaped serious injury in an explosion in Mexico. His eyeglass frame was reduced to carbon but the lenses saved his eyes.



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Father De Smet Faces Sitting Bull



"LET THE BLACKROBE enter the camp alone," reported Indian scouts to the peace commissioners, after contacting the Sioux chiefs. "No other white man would get out of it with his scalp."

The Blackrobe was Father Peter De Smet, S.J. (1801-1873), ambassador extraordinary to Indian tribes of the West. Historians have called him the best friend the American Indians ever had. The Indians referred to him as the white man who did not speak with a double tongue.

In March of 1868, the Government asked Father De Smet to mediate with the hostile Sioux. His instructions were to "bring them to peace" and to end "their murders and brigandages upon the whites."

Artist Joseph Watson Little portrays, on this month's cover, the dramatic first meeting between Father De Smet and Sitting Bull. The famous Sioux chief insisted that the white

men had provoked the war by their injustices and indignities to the Indians.

"I rose, tomahawk in hand, and I have done all the hurt to the whites that I could," said Sitting Bull. Nevertheless, admitting he felt the weight of the blood shed by Sioux, he promised Father De Smet that, "as bad as I have been to the whites, just so good am I ready to become toward them."

This was the basis for the Great Peace Council of July 2, 1868. Even though the peace did not last long (eight years later, after further provocation by whites, the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, wiped out General Custer's force), there is every reason to believe that the chief was sincere at the time. A speaker in Congress called Father De Smet's mediation one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of America's Indian wars. Others hailed the priest as "an august figure in our national history." ■■

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Thirty-two young, eager missioners are ready to go. Some

have their fares. Others are still waiting — but not
for long. Someone — perhaps you — will send one more
of them on his way.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$ toward the \$500 needed to purchase tickets for
each missioner. I shall pray for the success of his missionary labors. Please
ask him to pray for me.

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A Mother's Sacrifice

LO MO was the oldest patient in Maryknoll's Gate of Heaven Leper Colony before it was taken over by the Reds. Once she had been the head of a wealthy household, wife of a respected merchant, and mother of a beautiful daughter.

One day Lo Mo noticed a white spot on her arm. She pricked it with a needle but there was no feeling. Her heart sank. She knew she was a leper. She knew, also, that her husband's business would be ruined if her disease became known, and there was a chance she had not infected her daughter.

That night, without even embracing her

baby, Lo Mo fled her home. She who had the services of many servants was now forced to beg. Finally she came to the Maryknoll colony where she found a home and a friend.

Only once did she leave the colony. She returned to her former home. She was so disfigured that she knew no one would recognize her. Hiding in a bamboo thicket, she saw her husband go off to business. Then she watched her daughter, now married, playing with her children. She thought she would die from the joy and sorrow at the sight. Then she turned and went back to the colony.



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